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Nº 17
262

JOAQUIM DE ARAUJO

A ESTATUA DO POETA

ODE NACIONAL

PORTO
TYP. DE ANTONIO JOSÉ DA SILVA TEIXEIRA
Cancella Velha, 70
1891

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Ao meu amigo Augusto Gomes
lembrança
[illegible]

A ESTATUA DO POETA

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Deste opusculo extrahiram-se três exemplares em papel Japão, três em papel China, e quatro em papel Whatman, numerados seguidamente de 1 a 10.

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AO SENHOR

CONSELHEIRO JOSÉ DIAS FERREIRA

affectuosamente e respeitosamente

o *A.*

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I

Num vozear estridulo e vibrante,
Irrompe a multidão:
Palpita como um hymno triumphante,
Em cada coração.

Vem pagar uma divida sagrada,
E, em francas ovações,
Junto á Estatua de bronze immaculada,
Victoría Camões.

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Três seculos havia, a morte escura
Fulminara esse heroe,
Que até na doce paz da sepultura
Tão desgraçado foi!

Três seculos havia. Inenarravel,
Essa agonia atrós:
No catre do hospital, inexoravel,
A Morte, o duro algoz.

E, cá fóra, ao bom Sol, o claro amigo,
Cá fóra do hospital,
Os villões trabalhando no jazigo
Do antigo Portugal...

Um circulo dantesco e pavoroso:
O Genio num covil,
E no triumpho, erguido e magestoso,
O asqueroso reptil.

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A Traição galanada: o cru Cinismo
Fingindo de Altivês:
Hiante, escancarado, o fundo abismo
Do nome português.

Não ha na infamia quem se não adestre,
Esmagando tropheus,
Tal como sobre a tunica do Mestre
Jogavam os Judeus.

As Tradições ao vento, ao torvelinho,
A Gloria, — ás bachanaes...
Adejam os milhafres junto ao ninho...
Onde as aguias reaes?

Onde as aguias reaes? Foram seu rumo,
Fugiram da ralé:
— Crestava-lhes a aza o escuro fumo
Do escuro auto-de-fé.

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O balsão do Impudor fluctua ao vento,
Nos tragicos festins...
É morta a fina flôr do Sentimento,
Miserrimos chatins!

Dormiam nos seus tumulos augustos,
Ainda alta a cervís
De denodados campeões robustos,
Os infantes de Avís —

E todos os titans, de Gloria trémulos
Outrora, aos vivos soes,
Galgando mundos, continentes, — émulos
Dos primevos heroes...

E a Nação dêsses inclytos herdeira
Ia rojar no chão
A honra intemerata da bandeira,
O invencivel pendão...

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E o Poeta-cavalleiro esmorecia,
Ao fim do seu lidar:
Com a Patria morria — se morria! —
Quem tanto a soube amar.

Tres seculos havia... Mas vibrante
Irrompe a Multidão:
Palpita como um hymno triumphante,
Em cada coração.

E o Vidente, na Estatua alevantada
Nem de leve acordou:
Na magestade erecta e bronzeada,
Immovel se ficou!...

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II

A Patria! a Patria! dá rebate e chama,
Chama por todos nós.
Ha uma corrente electrica que inflamma
Os netos e os avós!

Irrompe a multidão a afiar a espada
Do combate leal,
No pedestal da Estatua immaculada
No eterno pedestal,

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E vae cobrir de lucto a grande Imagem
Do heroico luctador,
Como um protesto contra a villanagem
Do estrangeiro rancor!

Mas a Estatua que fora innacessivel
Ás grandes ovações,
Num delirio de pompa indescriptivel,
A estatua de Camões

Animou-se um momento e pela face
O pranto lhe rolou,
Como astro de esperança, que raiasse...
E á espada a mão levou!

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secretarios os ex.mos srs.
Tito de Noronha e Almeida Outeiro.

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